Ten Songs

as unpretentious
as the Wild Rose

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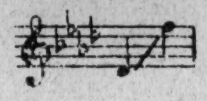

Words by
JOHN BENNETT.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

PIANO.

mp

p

To - day, dear heart but just to - day, The sun - shine o - ver

ail, The ros - es crim - son - ing the air, A -

- long the gar - den wall. Then let the dream and dream-er

mf

mf

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Where To Build Your Castles.

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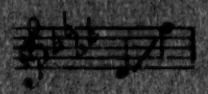

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Moderato.

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To - day, dear heart but just to - day, The sun - shine o - ver

p

all, The ros - es crim - son - ing the air, A -

mf

- long the gar - den wall. Then let the dream and dream - er

mf

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To Bessie.

MY DEAREST DEAR.

Words and Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto moderato.

p

mf

p

Do you re-mem - ber our part - ing, Hands clasped and tears wild - ly

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mp

start - ing, Words, use-less words, had been spo - ken be-tween us, My

mp

p

dear - - est dear. My love to you had been

p

giv - en, For a re-turn it had striv - en,

mf

Vain - ly I ask'd you to tell me you loved me, My dear - - est

mf

p *mp*

dear. Then were my days bit - ter sad - ness,

p *mp*

Then were my nights cold and drear; On - ly in dreams knew I

rall. *a tempo*

glad - ness, Dreams when your sweet face was near.

rall. *a tempo*

p

But now the joy of the meet - ing, Hands clasp'd and hearts wild - ly

p

beat - ing, Now what a joy to be with you once more, Oh, my

dear - - est dear! Life with-out you was so

lone - ly, My love was yours, and yours on - ly, Oh, what a joy to be

with you and know that you love me, my dear-est dear.

To Mr Victor W. Sincere.

GOOD NIGHT.

Words by
CLARENCE OUSLEY.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato tranquillo.

p

Good night. With -

p

p

-out a care or sor - row Save im - pa-tience for the mor - row, Ba - by

p

sleeps in fai - ry deeps, Good night. Good night.

p

The rap-tured lov - er lin-gers, Touch-ing lips and press - ing

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fin - gers, All too soon de-clines the moon, Good night, good

night. Good night, good night. The em-bers turn to

ash - es, Eyes are closed with weight-ed lash - es; Hushed is life be-yond all

strife, Good night, good night.

To my son.

IN A FOREIGN LAND.

Words and Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato grazioso.

p

The skies are blu - er here, my love, Than in the land we
The clouds may gath - er dark, my love, When you are by my

p

knew, The birds sing sweet - er here, my love, Than our birds used to
side, And ev - 'ry bird may cease its song, And ev - 'ry ill be -

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do; But oh, the lone - li - ness I feel, Their beau - ty's naught to
-tide; But far be - yond the clouds, my love, I know our sun must

me, For ev - 'ry hour my heart re - peats, "It's
shine, And ev - 'ry hour I think of thee But

noth - ing with - out thee,___ It's noth - ing with - out thee."___
makes my soul more thine,___ But makes my soul more thine.___

rall.

a tempo

rit.

To Miss Martha Tyler.

THE GATE OF TEARS.

* Words by
Mme. DUCLAUX.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto con espressione.

mf

mf

Far up-on the far-ther side Of the Gate of Tears,

mf

Lies a coun-try calm and wide Thro' the Gate of Tears;

rit.

There is peace at e-ven-tide Far up-on the far-ther side

rit.

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p *doloroso*

Of the Gate of Tears,— Of the Gate of Tears.

p

p

Nev - er gale or tem - pest blows Thro' the Gate of Tears,—

p

That au - tum - nal val - ley knows Nei - ther night - in - gale nor rose,

mf

All the hills are crowned with snows Where the snow - drop peers.

mf

poco rit.

mf

There a bro - ken heart may rest Free from hopes or fears,

mf

Un - de - sir - ing, un - dis - tressed Thro' the Gate of Tears,

rit.

While the sun - set in the West Gilds the worst and grays the best

rit.

p *doloroso*

Thro' the Gate of Tears, Thro' the Gate of Tears.

p

f

MAN AND WOMAN.

Words by
W. D. NESBIT.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto.

mf *pp* *mp*

p

Man tells his fish - ing tales; and he Is prone to let his fan-cies stray, Un -
And wo-man, rem - i - nis - cent, too, Will oft - en shake her pret - ty head, And

p

- til he al - most makes us see The mam-moth fish ____ that got a - way.
tell of how they came to woo, The count-less men ____ she did not wed.

pp *mp*

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Dedicated to
BESSIE.

JUST BY LAUGHING.

Words
ANONYMOUS.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Daintily.

mp

Now it's
An' folks

mf

mp

cu - rious what a sight o' good a lit - tle thing 'll do, An' how
some - times fail to see the pos - si - bil - i - ties that lie In the

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you kin stop the fier - cest storm when it be - gins to brew, An'
way your mouth is curv - in' an' the twin - kle in your eye. It

take the sting from what com-menced to ran - kle when 'twas spoke By just
ain't so much what's said that hurts as what you think lies hid, An' it

keep - in' still an' treat - in' it as if it was a joke. You'll
ain't so much the do - in' as the way the thing is did. An'

find that you kin fill a place with smiles in - stead o' tears, An'
many a home's kept hap - py an' con - tent - ed day by day, An'

keep the sun - shine gleam - in' thro' the shad - ows of the years Just by
like as not a king - dom has been res - cued from de - cay Just by

poco rit. a tempo mf

poco rit. a tempo mf

laugh - ing, just by laugh - ing.
laugh - ing, just by laugh - ing.

p mf

JUST LONESOME.

Words by
HARRIET AXTELL JOHNSTONE.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Grazioso.

It is n't the weath-er, (Dear,

p

p sostenuto e delicato

Ped.

soft lit-tle rain!) God's sun-shine and show'rs nev-er fret me, And it

is n't the learn-ing in pov-er-ty's school, The hard delv-ing les-son that's

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set me: For sun fol - lows rain And sav - ing makes gain, But

Time can't give back a dead lov - er, And in spite of the sun and the

gold to be won, There's a sob that no laugh - ter can cov - er.

There's not e - ven a rhyme for this

Ped

one drear - y line, And there's no oth - er word holds the mean - ing; It

car - ries a heart-ache Wher - ev - er it's heard, And brings e - ven des - o - late

dream - ing, Just lone - - - some.

8

pp

Ped. * Ped. *

To Jessie Bartlett Davis.

MAY I PRINT A KISS.

Words Anonymous.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Scherzando.

mf

rall.

"May I print a kiss on your lips!" he said, She nod - ded her kind per -

rall - - en - -

- mis - sion, They went to press, And I rath - er guess, They print-ed a whole e -

rall - - en - -

- tan - - do

a tempo

- di - - tion, They print - ed a whole e - di - tion.

- tan - - do

a tempo

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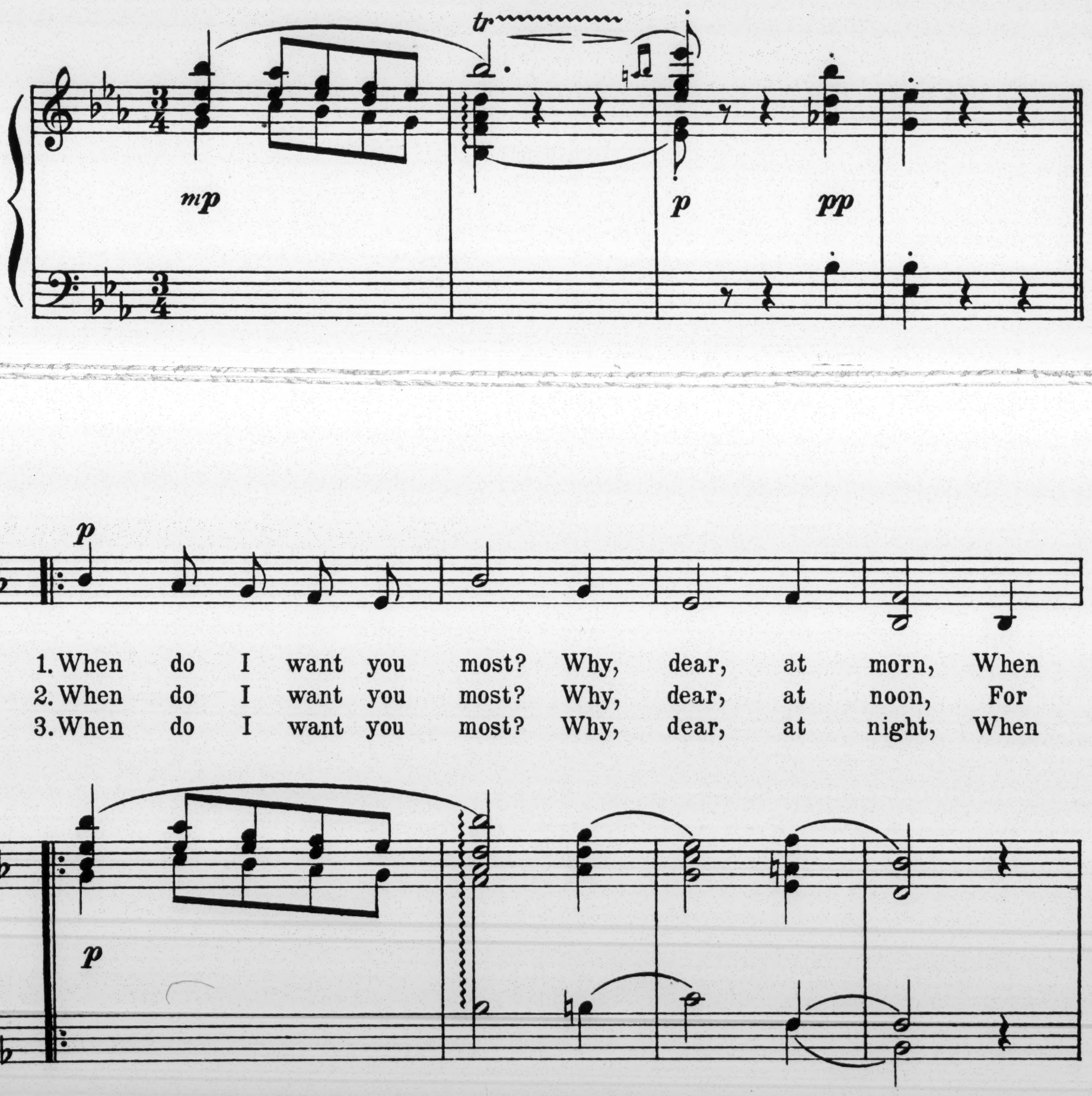
WHEN DO I WANT YOU MOST?

Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

tr
mp
p
pp
p
1. When do I want you most? Why, dear, at morn, When
2. When do I want you most? Why, dear, at noon, For
3. When do I want you most? Why, dear, at night, When
p

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the first sun - beams on the sill Shake out their glit - t'ring fringe, And
then th' enchant - ed mead - ows smile As if it still were June; A
in the stars that rise for both I read your love in light, When

all the sky is ten - der yet With dawn's dull ro-seate tinge, When
hun - dred fields of bloss - 'ming flax Are blue as when I came, The
mem - 'ry tells its ro - sa - ry, And days we did not share Slip

ev - 'ry flut - ed blade and leaf With fair - y gems are strung. Then
or - iole flash - es up the sky In nar - row lines of flame. When
si - lent on the gold - en string Like beads with-out a pray'r. When

is the time I want you most, Be-cause the day is young, Then
the white roads are drenched with sun, And pine woods scent the air, Then
fire - flies light their fair - y lamps To lead my long-ings on, Then

is the time I want you most, Be - cause the day is
is the time I want you most, Be - cause the day is
is the time I want you most, Be - cause the day is

young.
fair.
gone.

WHERE TO BUILD YOUR CASTLES.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

p

Just build your cas-tles in the air While you are young and life is fair,
Of course we like to build on earth When we are young and life is mirth,

For bye-and-bye when youth is gone, And
But time a-lone can tell the fate, Of

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days and years are not so long, As when you sang your youth-ful song, What
cas-tles build - ed here to wait, For him who finds, a - las, too late, That

then seemed right will now be wrong; But cas-tles you build in the air Will
cas - tles here are des - o - late, That on - ly cas-tles in the air Can

last for aye and still be fair, But cas - tles you build in the
live for aye and still be fair, That on - ly cas - tles in the

1. 2.

air Will last for aye and still be fair. fair. So
air Can live for aye and still be

if you want a cas - tle rare You'll have to build it in the air, For

that's the on - ly place I know Where cas-tles al-ways stay "just so," Where

walls don't crack and hearts don't break, And cares will not keep you a - wake_ For

on - ly cas-tles in the air, Can last for aye and still be fair, For

on - ly cas-tles in the air, Can last for aye and still be fair._____

God remembers when the world forgets.

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante.

PIANO.

Lento.

Allegretto.

How man-y gar-dens in this world of ours,— Hold blos-soms that have nev-er

come to flow'rs? A sud-den wind— comes— cold-ly by,

The rose tree bids its fair-est bud good-bye.

rall.

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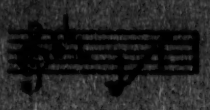
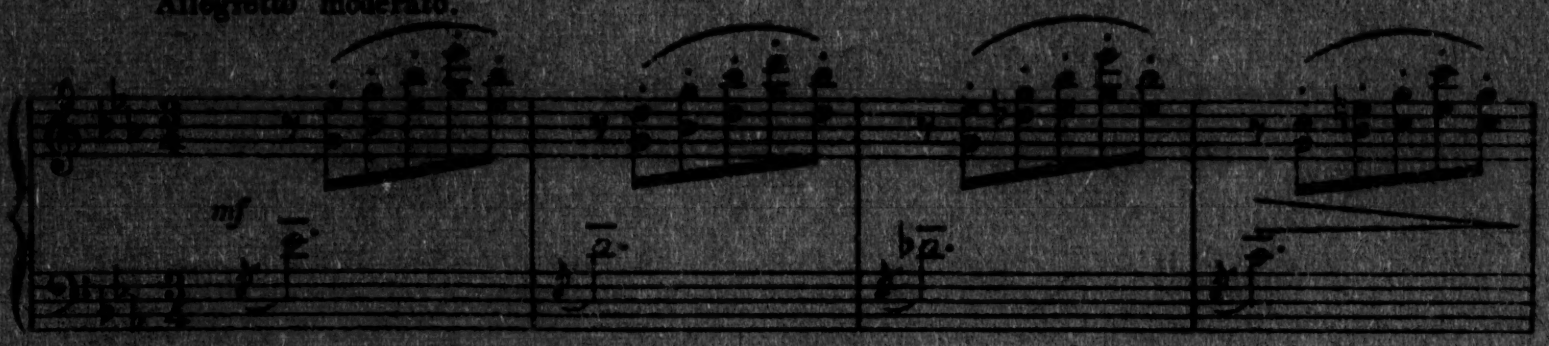
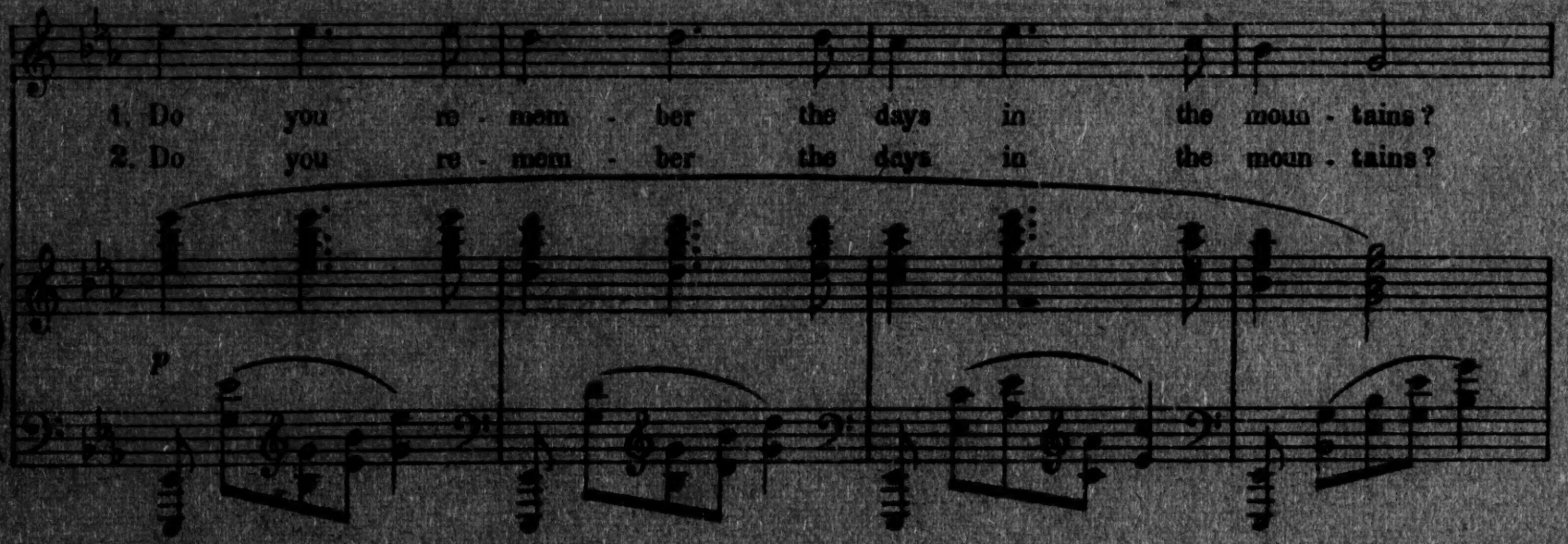
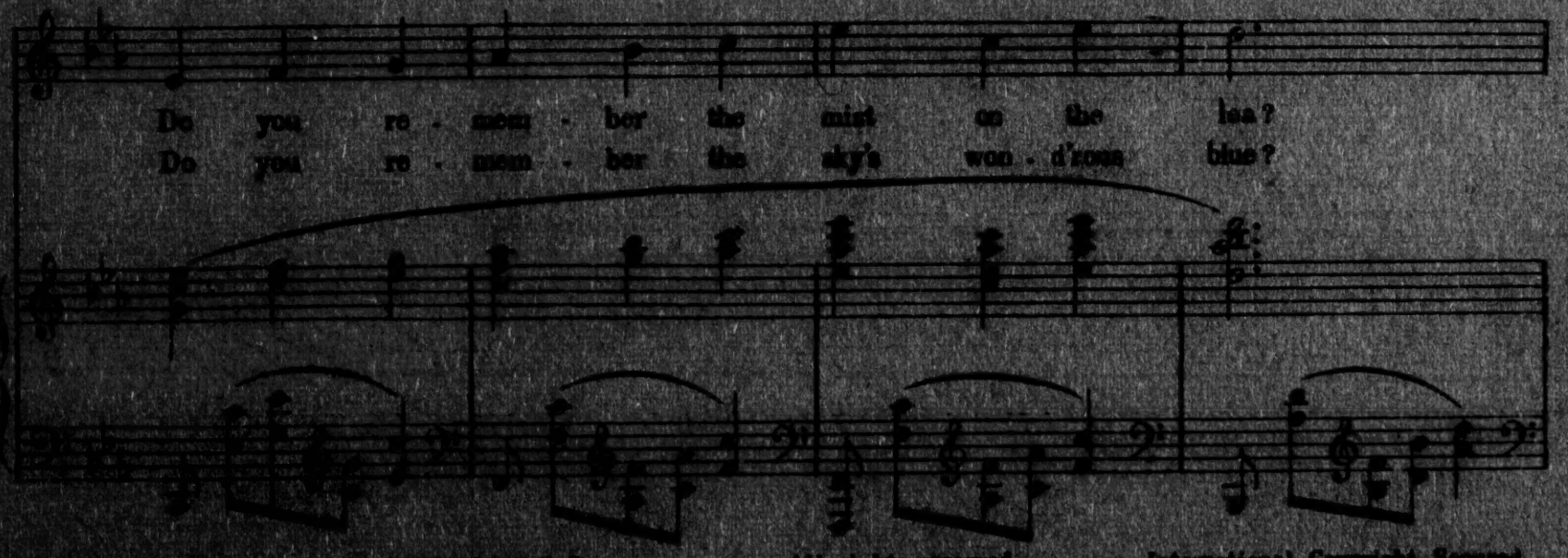


CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

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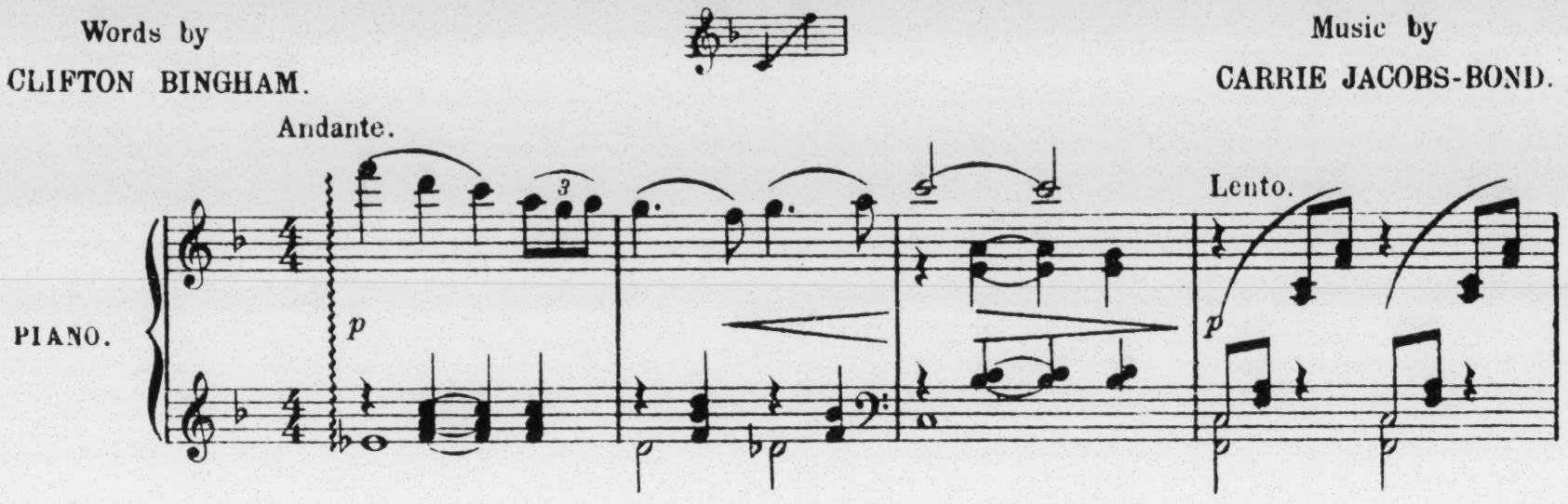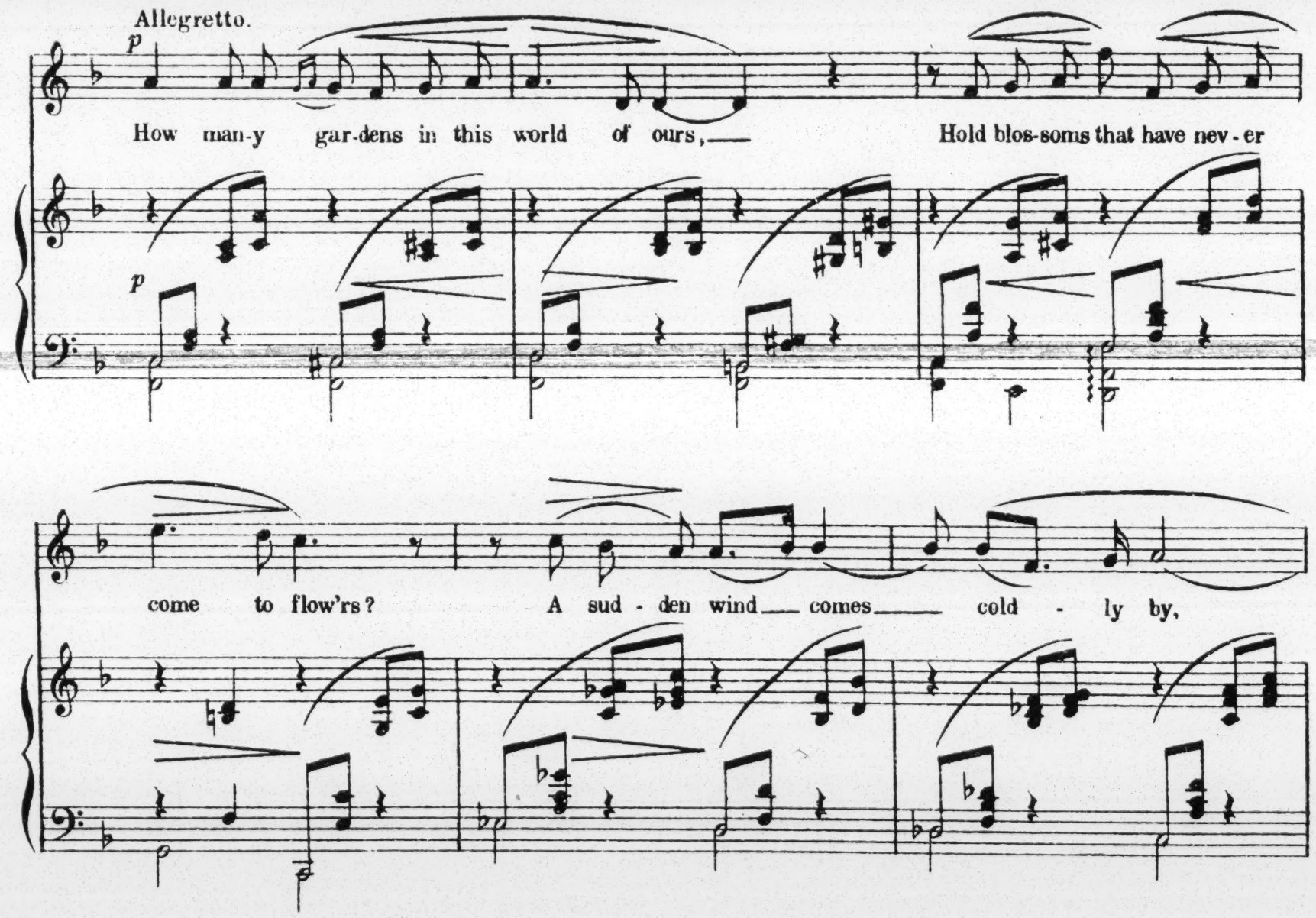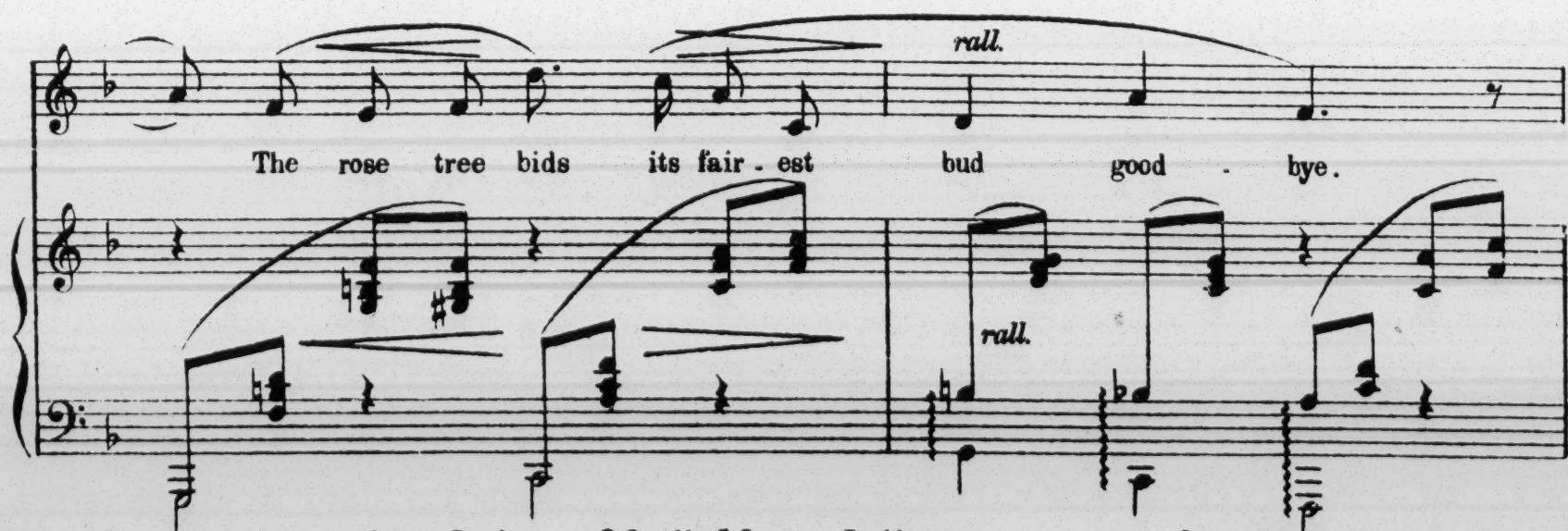
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Do You Remember?

MEDIUM.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

mf

1. Do you re - mem - ber the days in the moun - tains?
2. Do you re - mem - ber the days in the moun - tains?

p

Do you re - mem - ber the mist on the lea?
Do you re - mem - ber the sky's won - d'rous blue?

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